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# G A R L A N D,

Containing Four Songs, viz: 11621. 6. 14

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Bold Alexander.



**F**ARE thee well my dearest dearest dear, since I must  
leave thee,  
By all the powers above I'll ne'er deceive thee;  
But since I'm bound to go to famous Flanders,  
So dearest do not grieve, there's bold commanders.

My dearest dear, said she, talk not of going.  
For the Spaniards I'm afraid will prove your ruin;  
If you should be shot by some fatal arrow,  
Or if you wounded are, where's all your honour.

My dearest dear, said he, do not persuade me,  
For I will face my foes by he that made me;  
For there's many a gentleman and bold commanders,  
And along with me would go to famous Flanders.

I'll dress myself, said she, in man's apparel;  
And along with you I'll go to end the quarrel;  
For we'll stand back to back, both front and center,  
I will be one of the left, and boldly enter.

We had not sailed long before we landed,  
 But to the siege of battle we was commanded,  
 Where he received a shot from the highest power,  
 Which kill'd him on the spot that very hour.

There's many a gentleman stands on yon mountain;  
 Tears from her eyes did flow like the crystal fountain;  
 Though she was a lady gay, by birth and breeding,  
 Yet she was obliged to fight while he lay bleeding.

The Marquis of Granby brought her to England;  
 For six months, as we hear, great lords came to her.  
 But she said to them, nay, there's a bold commander,  
 None shall my heart betray but bold Alexander.

### The Cautious Maid.

ONE evening in May as I was a walking,  
 Down in the meadows so fresh and so gay,  
 There I beheld two lovers was talking,  
 Under a bush and they scarce could be seen,  
 I drew something nigh for to listen awhile,  
 To hear how this young man this maid did beguile,  
 The maid she was witty both crafty and loyal,  
 And many a time he put her to trial,  
 And in the conclusion he thus did her woo.

My fairest he said my joy and my jewel,  
 No tongue can express how dear I love thee.  
 Thou never shalt want for love nor for money,  
 Nor any thing else that I can do for thee.  
 Thou art the fairest creature that ever I saw,  
 If thou wilt submit love and yield to the law,  
 Then I will call thee my joy and my jewel,  
 And unto thee I will never prove cruel  
 And I will call thee love until I die.

Young men now a-days get sweethearts by dozens.  
 And in the conclusion they'll marry with none,  
 They make it their game poor girls for to cozen,  
 And how I know but you are such a one,  
 Your tongue is so ripe and your speech is so fair,  
 Your countenance plainly does show what you are,  
 You have been trading with girls in the city ;  
 If you've wrong many a one more is the pity ;  
 If you be an honest man I am mistaken.

You are mistaken very much in the matter,  
 For what you have said I'm sure you can't prove,  
 I never did talk with any nor flatter,  
 Nor never did try if any could love,  
 But only with you I vow and declare,  
 So let us be merry and pass away care,  
 Laugh and be lively and look on me blithely,  
 For I am a lad that is both brisk and lively,  
 I'll hug thee and kiss thee, my joy, and my dear.

O if I thought you would not dissemble,  
 I freely would yield to what you have said;  
 Men's tongues now a-days are got so nimble,  
 It's hard for a woman them to believe,  
 They will so dissemble, so flatter and lie,  
 And all that they do is young girls for to try,  
 They'll kill & court them until they have won them,  
 And fly away from them when they've undone them.

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### The A-E Night.

**C**OLD hands and frozen feet,  
 My body's like a lump of lead,  
 My shoes are frozen to my feet,  
 With standing at your window.

Then let me in this a-e night,  
 This a-e, a-e, a-e night;  
 Then let me in this a-e night  
 And I'll ne'er ask back again love.

My daddy he doth walk the streets,  
 My mother she the kitchen keeps,  
 Our hall door doth creak and creek,  
 If I should let you in love.

Then 'bide awa' this a-e night, &c.



Tho' your daddy he doth walk the street,  
 And your mammy she the kitchen keep,  
 I'll throw off my shoes indeed,  
 And I'll trip up in my stocking feet.  
 Then let me in this a-e night, &c.

The maid she rose, and let him in,  
 Thinking no harm, for to begin,  
 He kiss'd her cherry cheeks and chin,  
 Until that he gain'd her favour,  
 And then she rued the a-e night, &c.

But what was done, or what was said,  
 The bottom it fell out of the bed,  
 The lassie lost her maiden head,  
 And her mother heard the din o't,  
 And then she rued the a-e night, &c.

Laddie, will thou marry me?  
 My daddy will give thee a golden fee;  
 My mammy she'll be kind to thee,  
 And I will let thee in love.  
 Then I'll not rue the a-e night, &c.

Easi I will not marry thee,  
 For all thy daddy's golden fee;  
 What can I have, but I've had of thee?  
 So fare you well for ever.

And then she curs'd the a-e night, &c.

The youth then he jumped out of bed,  
 He took the world upon his head,  
 They are not sick that will be dead,  
 Or I return again love.

And then she curs'd the a-e night, &c.

### The Happy Milk-Man.

AS Joe with his pails went a milking one morn,  
 Young Sally he saw sitting under a thorn:  
 Amaz'd at her beauty, her shape, and her mien,  
 He vow'd she was lovely and thought her a queen.

Thus saying, he hasten'd up close to the maid,  
 Then laid down his yoaks and entreated her aid:

So sweetly he press'd her, so sweetly play'd his pipe,  
That, wou'd you suppose it, he won her fond heart.

At first she look'd modest, and seem'd to resist,  
And cry'd do not tease me ! I will not be kiss'd !  
And he his persuasions so sweetly apply'd,  
She freely consented she wou'd be his bride.

Then fraight to the church they both tripp'd it so free,  
Where they were united by Hymen's decree ;  
And now are chearful as birds on the spray,  
No monarch's more blest, nor so happy as they.

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